

can find to describe a violent and painful death. He was wounded, that is *pierced*—and bruised, that is *crushed*, not merely by our sins and iniquities, but on account of them, for He took them upon Himself that He might make atonement for them in our stead.

His suffering is called chastisement, which implies that it was inflicted by God, who caused Him who, as our representative, had taken upon Himself our sins to endure the chastisement which they deserved. It is by this chastisement that our peace is made and our well-being secured. By His stripes, His scourging, we have been healed—1 Pet. ii. 24.

The prophet gives utterance to the confession of the humble and penitent who now see that it is for them that Messiah suffers. The sinner, in his misery and helplessness, is like a wandering sheep with no one to guide or defend it, astray from God's way and following his own way, the broad way of selfishness, ruin and death.

All this sin hath been laid upon Christ. Again and again this is asserted. Christ is our substitute. He suffers in our stead. This foundation truth of Christian hope and charity cannot be too often set forth. Having told us *why* the Saviour suffered, the prophet next describes *how* He endured His sufferings. He suffered *voluntarily*, as the word afflicted implies in the original. He suffered *meekly*, with quiet, patient, submissive bearing, as a sheep before his shearers is dumb. He suffered *unjustly* at the hands of men, was taken away, snatched in haste, from prison and from judgment, with no fair trial—Ac. viii. 33. Who shall declare His generation? This is a very difficult passage. One explains it, "Who will care to bestow thought on a career so prematurely cut short." But another applies His generation to the men of His generation, His contemporaries, and reads—"And of His generation who considered? He was snatched away out of the land of the living; for the transgression of my people was He stricken." They, the men of that generation, His murderers, assigned Him a grave with the wicked, they thought to bury Him as a criminal, in disgrace, and yet He was with the rich, the honourable, at His death, an enigma which only history could explain. Joseph of Arimathea gave Him honourable burial—Matt. xxvii. 57-60, because there was found in Him no wrong or deceit, He was thus honoured. His love and goodness were felt and acknowledged by His disciples. We learn:

Christ's claim upon our love. We are saved by His sorrows and His shame.

Our need of an atonement for our sins.

Christ's patience, and His sympathy.

All is summed up in one word, forgiveness of sin, a pattern of goodness and unselfishness, power and motive for righteousness—"He loved me and gave Himself for me." The suffering Substitute triumphs. He is—

III. THE CONQUEROR—Vers. 10-12.

The results of His sufferings are set forth, why it pleased Jehovah to bruise and afflict Him. The unjust deeds of men were permitted by God—Acts ii. 23; iii. 18. In the sacrifice of the old legal and ritual dispensation He "had no pleasure"—Ps. xl. 6; but the self-sacrifice of Jesus was in full accord with the good pleasure of His will—Eph. i. 7-9.

When thou makest His soul a trespass-offering—Lev. v. 15, 19—and He poured out His soul unto death, gave it "a ransom for many"—Matt. xx. 28—what blessed results would follow. He shall see His seed, the long line of spiritual descendants, them to whom "He gave power to become the sons of God." He shall prolong his days, even forever and ever, reign in an everlasting kingdom—Rev. i. 18; Heb. vii. 16, 25. The pleasure of the Lord, the things which please Him, which things Christ always did, things which advance the salvation and happiness of men, shall prosper in His hand. He shall see of the travail of His soul, the fruit that comes of His agony—which shall be so rich and glorious that even He, with all His love and desire for us, shall be satisfied. By His knowledge, the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are in Him—Col. ii. 3—shall my righteous servant, because He is righteous (the adjective is emphatic)—Rom. v. 18, 19; 1 John ii. 1, 2—justify many—Isaiah xlv. 24, 25; liv. 17. But His righteousness could never have become ours if our sin had not been laid upon Him, if He had not borne our iniquities. Therefore, because He poured out His soul, because He was numbered with transgressors, He shall now be numbered with Conquerors. I will divide Him a portion with the great. On the cross itself He spoiled principalities and powers—Col. ii. 15; by death He overcame death and reigns the Prince of Life—Heb. ii. 41; and He will continue forever the great work of mediation and prevailing intervention; He will make intercession for the transgressors—Heb. vii. 25; ix. 24; viii. 34, 37; 1 John ii. 1. What a Saviour! All that God could give, and all that man can want."

Learn:—How rich and blessed are the rewards of patient, unselfish love. It pays far more than it costs.

The certainty of victory for all who make Christ's work their work and Christ's cause their cause.

The knowledge of Christ brings salvation and life—John xvii.

If we turn away from the Sin Bearer, our sin will be upon ourselves to our destruction. "He that believeth not is condemned already"—John iii. 18. It is said—1 ev. v. 1—that he who fails to bring the trespass-offering "shall bear his iniquity."

A COLOSSAL bronze statue of Livingstone, 8 feet 6 inches high, has lately been unveiled in Glasgow.

THE government schools in Japan have adopted the New Testament as the text book on moral philosophy.

Children's Corner.

SHETLAND WOMEN.

NOT far outside the town of Lerwick, on the Shetland Islands, there is a great, black, muddy tract of land called a peat bog. All about is utter desolation. There are no huts even to be seen. The town is concealed by a rounded hill; and when, through some opening between the bare upheavals, one catches a sight of the North Sea, it too, seems deserted by mankind.

The peat or mixture of roots and peculiar black soil, is dug here in large quantities; and all about the place are great piles of it, dried and ready to be burned in the fire-places of the Lerwick people. Peat takes the place of wood; and in every poor man's hut in Shetland will be found burning brightly and giving out a thin blue smoke.

To prepare peat for market a great deal of labour is performed. First come the diggers—men, women, and children. Entering upon the deep, miry bog, they cut the soil up into cakes about a foot long and a few inches thick; and these they place in high piles to dry. After a few weeks they come again, and carry the cured fuel away to the town.

It is while carrying these loads that the Shetlanders present a peculiar spectacle. The men are often very old, infirm and poorly clothed; and the women are dressed in short-skirted, home-spun gowns, below which may be seen very red and very broad feet. On their heads they usually have white caps, nicely ironed, with a fluted ruffle around the edge. Passing across the breast and over either shoulder are two strong straps, and these support an immense basket hanging against the back.

Thus equipped, the brave, stout women, their baskets piled with peat, tramp off to Lerwick, two miles away, to sell their loads for a few pennies each. They make many trips a day, always smiling, chatting, and apparently contented. Often a long line may be seen carefully stepping along over the rough roads, stopping now and then to rest.

The homes of these poor peat women are, many of them, simply hovels. When they wish to build a home, they go out into some field, usually far away from other huts, and there they dig a trench about a square piece of ground. Upon this they build walls to a height of about eight feet, and fill the crevices with mud and bog. For a roof, they gather refuse sea-wood, and, with this for a support, lay on layer after layer of straw, mud and stones.

But what homes they seem to us! There is no fire-place, only a hole in the ground, with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape through! No windows, the door serving for both light and entrance! No beds, only heaps of straw! Sometimes in one small room, often the only one the house contains, will be seen man, wife, children, dog

and hens, equal occupants, sharing the same rude comforts. Outside the house, if the owner be moderately well off, may be seen a herd of sheep or ponies, and a patch of garden surrounded by a wall.

But there is something a peat woman of Shetland is continually doing that we have not yet noticed. All have no doubt heard of Shetland hosiery; of the fine warm shawls and hoods, and delicate veils that come from these far northern islands. Now all the while the poor, bare-legged woman is carrying her heavy burden of peat, her hands are never idle. She is knitting away as fast as her nimble fingers will allow. In her pocket is the ball of yarn, and as her needles fly back and forth, she weaves fabrics of such fineness that the royal ladies of England wear them, and no traveller visits the island without loading his trunk with shawls, mittens, stockings, and other feminine fancies.

Not to know how to knit in Shetland is like not knowing how to read at home. A little girl is taught the art before she can read; and, as a result, at every cottage will be found the spinning-wheel and the needles, while the feminine hands are never idle. It is one great means of support; and on Regent Street in London will be seen windows full of goods marked "Shetland Hosiery."

Who first instructed these far northern people in this delicate art is not surely known. On Fair Isle, one of the Shetland group, the art is first said to have been discovered, very many years ago. On that lonely isle even now, every woman, girl and child knits while working at any of her various duties.

The yarn with which the Shetland goods are made is spun from the wool of the sheep we see roaming about the fields. In almost every cottage may be seen the veritable old-fashioned wheel; and the busy girl at the treadle sends the great wheel flying, and spins out the long skeins, which serve to make baby a pretty hood or grandma a long shawl.—*Edward Roberts, in March "Wide Awake."*

"CANT" AND "TRY."

CAN'T-DO-IT sticks in the mud; but Try soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox, said "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said, "Try," and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said, "Try," and he went to the top of the beech tree. The snow-drop said, "Try," and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun say "Try," and spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said, "Try," and he found that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches and up where his father was singing. The ox said "Try," and ploughed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for Try to climb, no clay too stiff for Try to plough, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend.